

Neruda's Day

B.Z. NIDITCH

With your splintered voice
charred from sand pits
you survey a wakening sun
somewhere in Valparaiso,
shaken by a posture of wind
the day revives you
with a single light glance
at the general injustice
of a hungry earth time.

You can hear a child rising
shouting a manna of words
wishing for a taste of bread,
with a brush fire of solidarity
you stride the rust belted road
passing by honeyed trees,
your giant footprints
only want to be boundless,
like a sea of feathered eagles
covering a tattooed sky.